

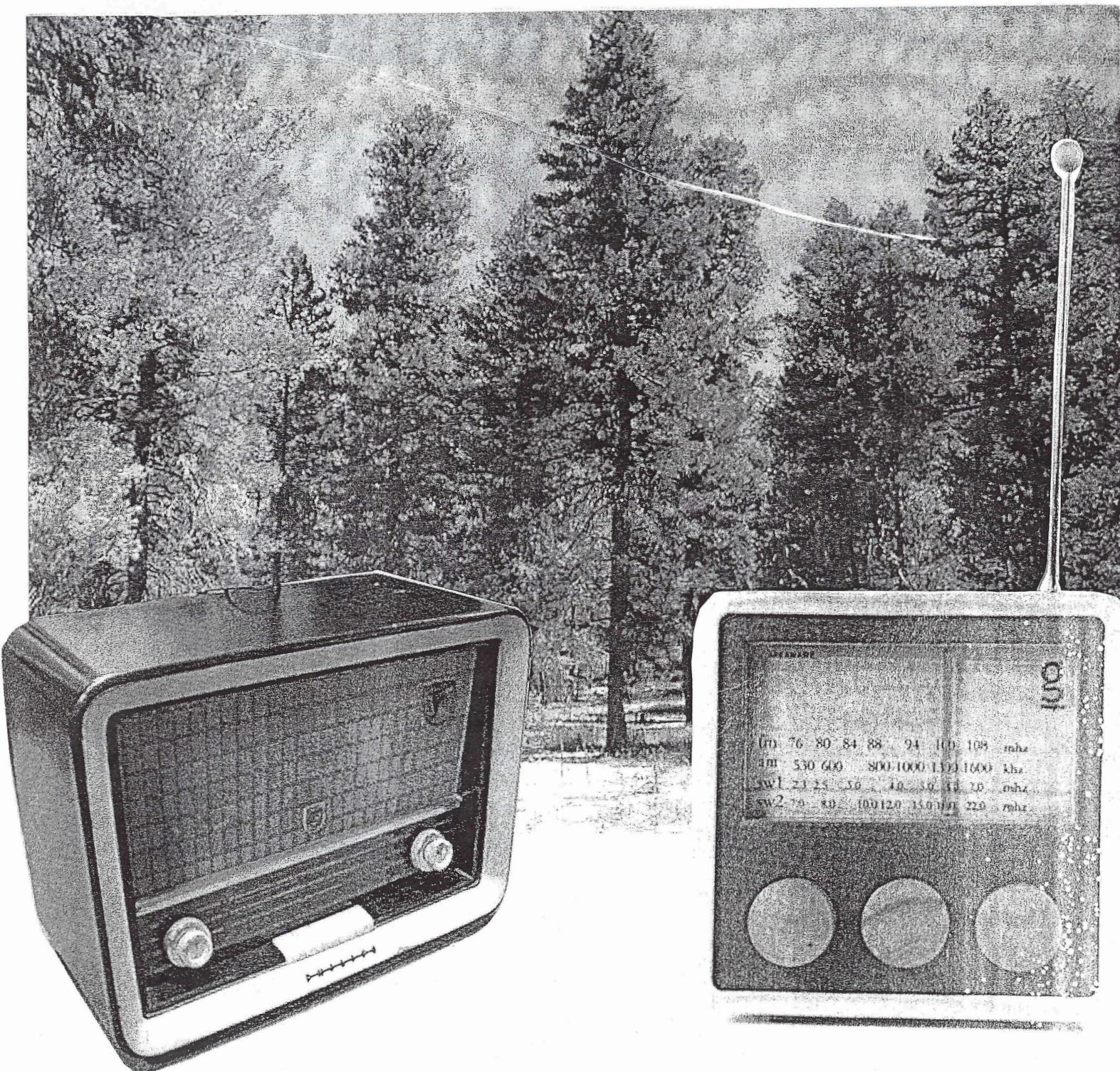
[2008]

WEBODER

SDI. FM

SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER

FIRST RE-ISSUE



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am 530 600 800 1000 1100 1600 khz
wl 23 25 30 40 60 30 20 msha
w2 70 80 100 120 150 180 220 mhz

Letter from the Editors:

Nathaniel Hawthorne, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and Franklin Pierce attended Bowdoin College.

The 'Zine did not exist at that time. But, as we all know, the 'Zine lived then as it does now. A prized collection of half a dozen 'Zines survive from the years when WBOR respected and honored creativity. These beloved issues recall a better time, a holy time. Lucky for the residents of the United States and international students, recent events demand that WBOR's rumored or unheard of publication reemerge.

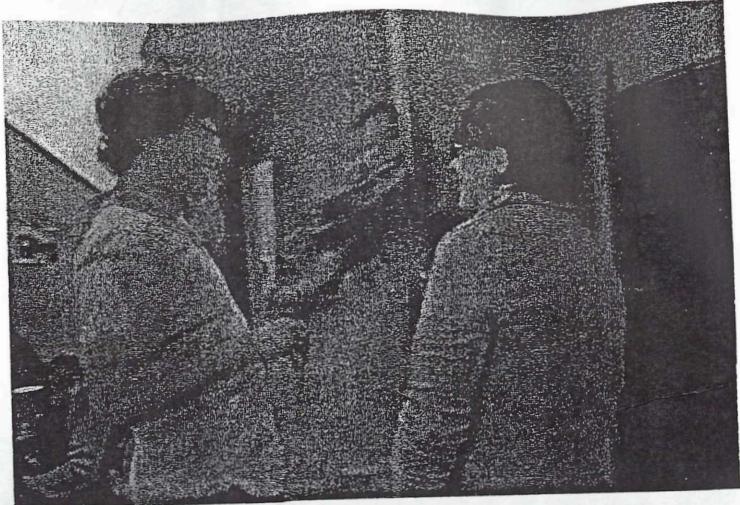
Alyssa, Kristina, and I have nearly died creating this beautiful collaboration of artwork. Really, I think writing this letter is the first actual work I have done for the 'Zine. Despite my confession and the fact that I am from Missouri (home of Nelly, neutral during the Civil War), you should page through this edition carefully. Within, you will discover what I must understatedly describe as a brilliant and magical landscape of expression. The drawings, photographs, poems, essays, reviews and other writings prove my point.

The 'Zine's publication is the most exciting event to occur at Bowdoin since the snow day when I was a first-year. Professor Cafferty, the instructor of the Post-World War II German Film class I sadly missed that day, later told us that our school had not had a snow day in all of her time here. This remarkable occasion differs only in that it is not a fluke. More issues will follow, and we eagerly anticipate your submissions.

Sincerely,

Danny Lorberbaum

Co-Editor



Photos by Audrey Chee

Table of Contents

Industrial Music For Industrial People.....	1
<i>Mary DeBlois</i>	
Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Crane Game.....	4
<i>Fat Ghost Wilson</i>	
Interview with Henry Jamison-Root of The Milkman's Union.....	5
<i>Danny Lorberbaum</i>	
A New World of Jazz for the Indie-Minded.....	6
<i>Peter McLaughlin</i>	
Remember when I was inside you?	9
<i>Alanna Beroiza</i>	
Lessons from the sul.....	11
<i>Shelley Barron</i>	
Album Review- Connie Price & the Keystones – Wildflowers	14
<i>Ryan Dunlavy</i>	
Broken Social Scene.....	17
<i>Sarah Wood</i>	
Dream: May 19	19
<i>Danny Lorberbaum</i>	
Raidus	19
<i>Jenna Breiter</i>	
On Music Supervision	20
<i>Kate Krosschell</i>	
A Quick Guide to Digital Music	23
<i>Seth Glickman</i>	
WBOR DJ Schedule	26
September/October Concert Calendar	27

SUBMISSIONS?

QUESTIONS?

COMMENTS?

wborzine@gmail.com



CONTACT INFORMATION

General: wbor@bowdoin.edu **Concert Booking:** Micah McKay (716 698-0045)

Station Manager: Tucker Hermans (254 541-2829)

Program Directors: Andrew Sudano (631 974-8283), Carolyn Williams (605 645-0262)

----- DIRECTORS: Audrey Chee, Peter McLaughlin, Sarah Wood, Sean Weathersby

Hip-Hop Director: Hasan Elsadig

Website/Tech Manager: Seth Glickman (860 985-0175)

Summer/Break Manager: Bill Morse (207 442-3193)

editors
alyssa phanitdasack
(aphanitd@bowdoin.edu)
kristina goodwin
(kgoodwin@bowdoin.edu)
danny lorberbaum
(dlorberb@bowdoin.edu)

Industrial Music For Industrial People: A Brief Introduction

By Mary DeBlois

[The grotesque] usually adopts the garb of a serious form of art or appears in the floodlights with the appearance and legitimacy, with the borrowed clothes of an older, respected artistic genre - and then, with a saucy somersault, a smirk or an erotic leap, it surprises and dupes the ceremonious philistines...and leaves the old abused art-form in ruins. - Oskar Pannizza

*Rock and Roll is for Arse-Lickers. -
Throbbing Gristle slogan*

The most effective moments in the history of dissident culture are those which capitalize on the elusive grotesque tradition and flout the facility of guileless revolt. Originating in fourteenth century Italy, and illuminated in the late nineteenth by the Bavarian playwright Oskar Pannizza, the tradition persevered throughout modern culture, rearing its head periodically in far-flung manifestations of flamboyant ambivalence. One of the most potent embodiments of grotesquerie in post-1950s western culture can be found within the musical subculture of the 1970s and -80s, in the persistently evasive amalgamation of gratuitous horror, inverted humor, and domestic banality that constituted the origins of industrial music.

It is important to make a semantic distinction where the term "industrial" is applied. The machine noise music of the

Futurists at the turn of the century, while creating a precedent, can't rightly be categorized within the confines of the more recently developed genre.

Furthermore, just as the word "grotesque" has come gradually to denote any disgusting sight regardless of context, so too has the term "industrial" become divested over time of its original meaning. Presently, the word has been co-opted to describe a genre of gothic electronica, conflated with EBM or darkwave; this is largely due to the vicissitudes of a generational lapse. "Industrial" was derived from the pioneering Throbbing Gristle's record label, as a general descriptor of the bands they released, and it is these groups and the subgenres they spawned that this primer aims to encompass (albeit perfunctorily). If a crude simile may be employed: New "industrial" is black PVC to old industrial's brown paper bag (presumably employed as furtive camouflage of unsavory printed material).

Throbbing Gristle, the group born of the infamous British performance art group COUM Transmissions, are generally acknowledged as the instigators of industrial music proper, and while their backlog is by its nature difficult to singly define, it is variably a foundation or a reactionary point for subsequent electronic subgenres. TG was witness to the same socioeconomic circumstances in 1970s Britain that gave rise to punk - the period when the conservative reconstruction was imminent, and economic depression coupled with a prevailing sense of malaise bred rioting and a tendency towards both extremes of

the social spectrum. However, the provocation enacted by the members of TG and their fellow-travelers was much more insidious and fundamentally troubling than the gob-smacking blockhead culture of initiated by punk. The aesthetic of early industrial was changeable, incorporating the constants of domestic British norms, militarism, innocuous "rock and roller" costumes, and vaguely fascistic insignia in varying ratios to create an unsettlingly indefinable and meticulous affront.

The sound of TG and early industrial is difficult to work out with precision. The descriptor "industrial" applies both to the contrarian touting of the virtues of mechanized production and culture and to the synthetic basis of the groups' aural emissions: ABBA was a heavily cited influence, and one devoid of irony. The cold perpetual-motion cadence of ABBA in particular and to the maligned genre of artificial music in general (disco, muzak) found application in the dystopic environs of industrial soundscapes. To confine TG and their successors exclusively to the (self-coined) "Tesco Disco" would be to neglect the pseudo-organic metabolic function of their work. The dismissal of TG in the contemporary press as sounding "like an oversexed pork chop" was an unconsciously complimentary and perceptive insight. Sexuality, particularly in its deviant forms, was integral as subject matter and as an aural motif in early industrial; "throbbing" is quite an apt aesthetic descriptor. This is one of the most basic distinctions to draw between industrial and its forebears in the electronic genre - the use of

mechanization and synthesized noise was applied to distinctly marginal and perverse ends, instead of as a veneer. Sampling, audio montage, and customized synthetic consoles were omnipresent implements.

The paths taken by early movers in the industrial scene are highly divergent and generally attention worthy for connoisseurs of sonic terrorism and death disco. A playlist follows, comprising brief overviews of industrial and related genres; tracks or albums are listed and preference has been given to those records that are more readily accessible. It is only a start-point for the exploration of eccentric electronics, but is hopefully of use to neurasthenic audiophiles and devious intellectual types.

Works cited:

Kort, Pamela, et al. *Comic Grotesque*. New York: Prestel 2004. 200p.

Ford, Simon. *Wreckers of Civilisation*. London: Black Dog Publishing Limited 1999. 243p.

INDUSTRIAL:

Throbbing Gristle -

Any of TG's work comes recommended in the context of this article, but Second Annual Report or The Taste Of TG are brilliant starting points.

Exemplary tracks -

United, Convincing People, Persuasion, Discipline (Manchester), Something Came Over Me

General playlist:

1. Convincing People - TG
2. Do The Mussolini (Headkick) - Cabaret Voltaire
3. Mekano - SPK
4. Nostrum/Earblind - Dieter Mueh
5. Man-Amplifiers - Clock DVA
6. The Six Buttons of Sex Appeal - Nurse With Wound
7. Tanz Debil - Einstuerzende Neubauten
8. Cruenta Voluptas - Non

9. Under The Bed - ESP Kinetic

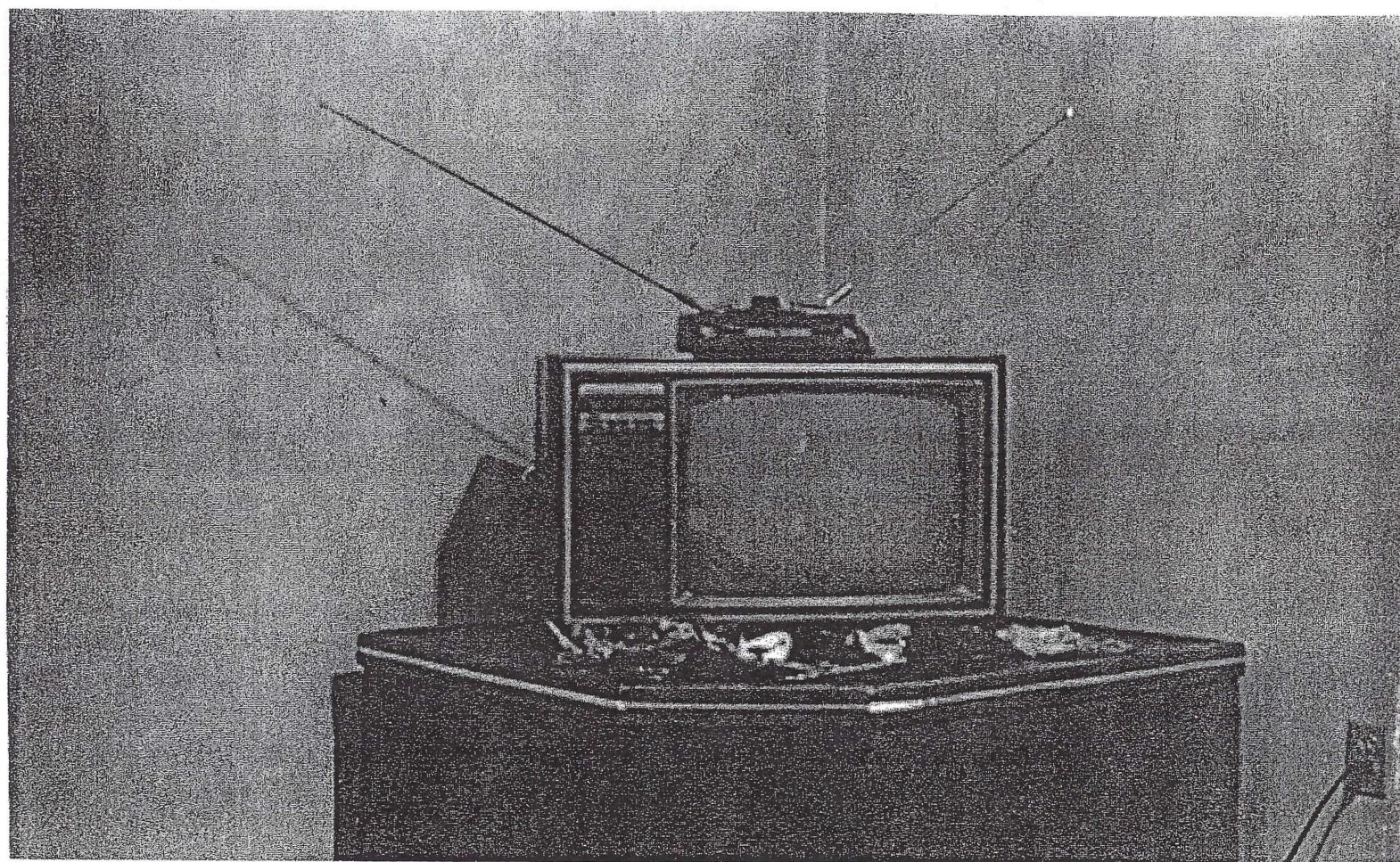
10. A Thirsty Fish/The Dirty Fire - The Halfler Trio

11. Rock And Roll - Whitehouse*

12. Black Cotton Wool - Consumer Electronics*

13. Defacer - Sutcliffe Jugend

* While this list is avowedly meant to give a broad survey of industrial and contemporaries, tracks 11 and 12 are notable as representing the ascetic, harsh subgenre of power electronics, whose distinctions from industrial proper, and intrinsic characteristics, will hopefully be detailed in a future article.



Photograph by Eleanor West

Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Crane Game

In the land of crane-game meals, the guy who is really good at crane games is fatter than everyone else.

Guy 1: Hey, do you want to play the crane game?

Guy 2: No, crane games are really stupid.

There's no way you got that plastic lobster from a crane game. It's too nice.

Guy 1: I spent seventeen dollars to get this small plush bear from the crane game.

Guy 2: Oh, that's a reasonable amount of money to spend. And you got to have a good time, too!

Guy 1: Did you know that in Japan, Crane Games are called Satellite Machines?

Guy 2: No. Fuck you.

Two guys walk into a bar. They did not see a crane game there, so they left.

Guy 1: Did your mother just pass away?

Guy 2: Yes. I also just won this bear in a crane game.

Guy 1: Is that a crane game over there?

Guy 2: No. That is a phone booth full of stuffed animals.

Guy 1: Knock, Knock!

Guy 2: Who's there? I would answer the door, but I am currently playing this crane game.

Guy 1: Can you think of ten things about crane games?

Guy 2: No. That's stupid.

Well, you know what they say...nothing about crane games.

Guy 1: I bet "The Claw" from Inspector Gadget is pretty good at crane games.

Guy 2: He couldn't use his own claw, you know.

Guy 1: Oh. He's probably just okay then.

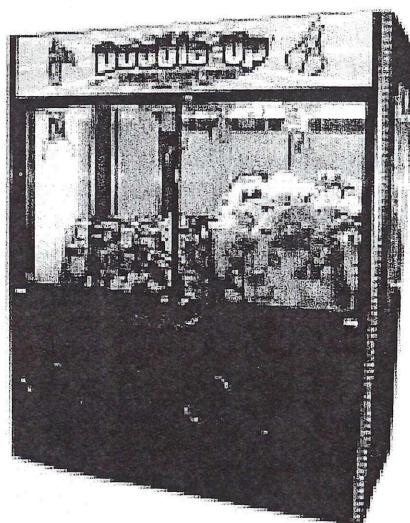
It was dank

At the depressing arcade

I was losing

And was going to lose

At the Crane Game



Interview with Henry Jamison-Root of The Milkman's Union

By Danny Lorberbaum

What musicians or writers influence your music?

These days it's mostly pop geared at 14 year-old girls. I'm interested in making a lot of money at this. Chris Martin said that Radiohead went into the wilderness with a machete and then Coldplay put up a strip mall. I want to burn that strip mall to the ground and put up a 10,000 foot emerald Starbucks.

How has your songwriting changed since you switched from a solo performer to playing with a band?



I've only recently become self-aware, so I can't really relate to the person who made those solo albums. I just needed something to do during high school, so I played what I thought sounded good. My singing was pretty weird. I think that's improved. My lyrics are less anecdotal now, less about girls, more about universal issues like drinking.

Having a band has been good. We just don't practice enough. The new practice space might inspire us to get our act together. Might not though. I surprise myself daily with my shortcomings.

How would you classify your music?

It's pretty hard for me to answer questions like this. Maybe because I never do it. I guess it's "indie rock".

I would like to get a heavier sound, maybe a dancier sound. We all like Radiohead. That's pretty much the middle ground we work from. From which we work. There are a lot of elements of my songwriting that I can't control. I don't know much about what I'm doing technically. I just write as well as I can and it comes out the way it does. If people like it then that's nice, but there's a lot about it that I'm not happy with. That's why I haven't put anything out for two years. I'm gearing up for something. And I'm in school.



What is your opinion of the music scene at Bowdoin?

It's bad.

What direction do you see your music going?

I'd like to make a country album. I'd like to incorporate some ghetto beats. I'd like to wear a pressed shirt and sunglasses and act like a prima donna in some LA studio. Like maybe someone would ask me "Can we smoke in here?" and I would say "Yeah, we can smoke in here."

Do you like me
Yes.

What will your new album be like, and when do you expect to release it?

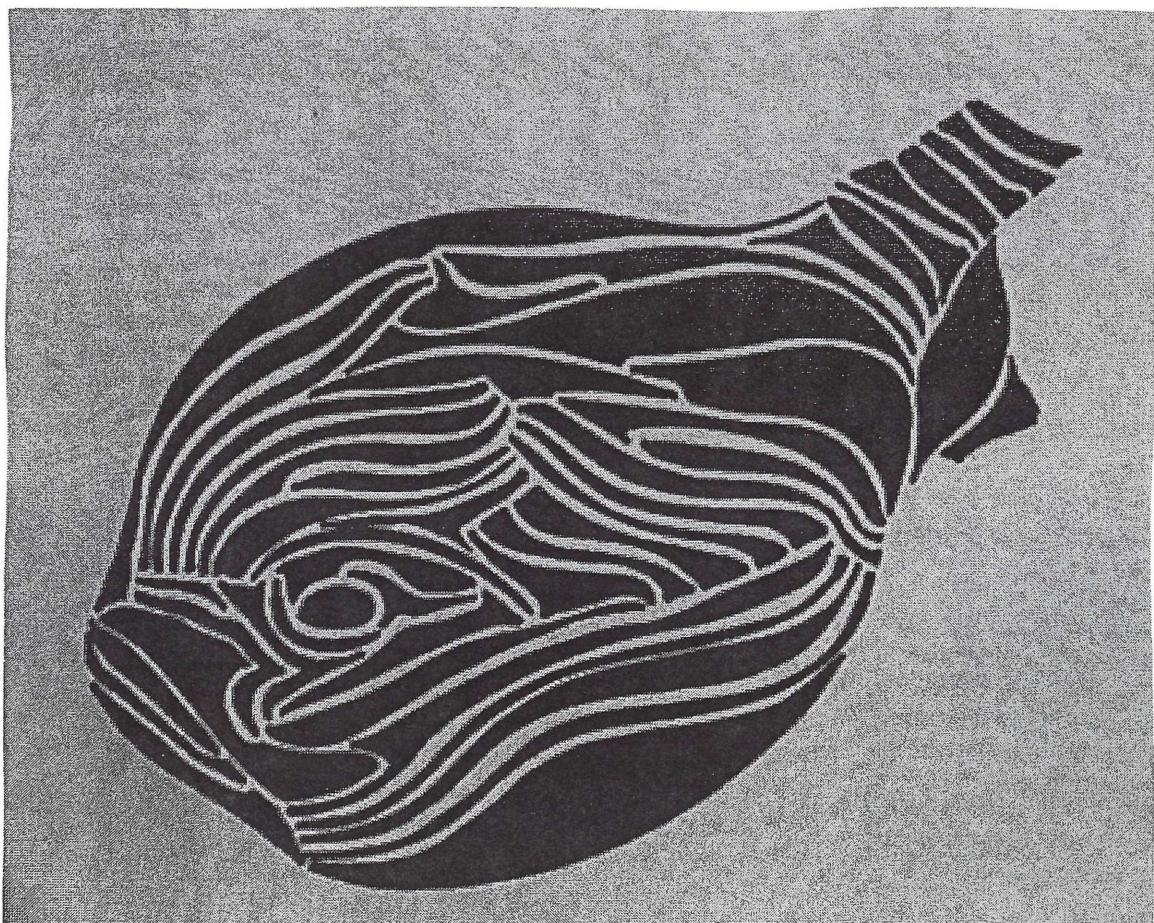
It's pretty soft so far. We have the drums done and some of the guitars. I'm not sure how long it will take. We all have papers to write.

A New World of Jazz for the Indie-Minded

By Peter McLaughlin

Jazz. There I said it. Are you still reading? In that case, bear with me for just a moment and I promise it won't be too painful. So it's 1975 and Miles Davis drops a bombshell, "Jazz is dead." Well sorry Miles, it's 2008 and unlike you, jazz is alive and well. And get this, indie kids, it's not Miles, Monk, Mingus, and Coltrane anymore (so buying that Ken Burns box set doesn't make you hip). There's a whole new generation of musicians more accessible and appealing to indie fans than ever. So come with me, step outside your comfort zone and try something new. The following is a short introduction to modern jazz, with an emphasis on bands and musicians with indie appeal (there are more than you might think).

There's no better place to begin your modern jazz education than The Bad Plus. The Bad Plus is a piano-bass-drums trio, but this ain't your granddaddy's piano trio. Take away the improvisation and instrumentation, strip them down to the core, and the Bad Plus are a rock band, plain and simple, and they rock *hard*. They've gained notoriety for doing their own versions of rock and pop tunes, such as The Pixies' "Velouria", Bjork's "Human Behaviour," Radiohead's "Karma Police," Aphex Twin's "Flim," Interpol's "Narc," David Bowie's "Life on Mars," and even Black Sabbath's "Iron Man." The rock connections don't end there, as three of their past four albums have been produced by Tchad Blake, renowned producer of Tom Waits, Pearl Jam, Elvis Costello and others. In the past couple of years, they've become about as big as a jazz

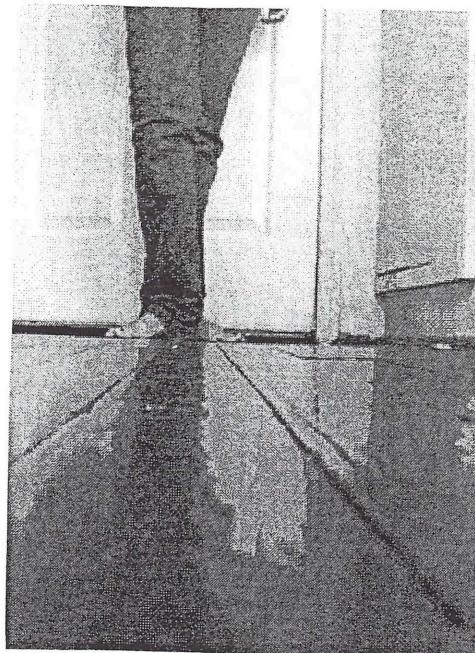


By Jenna Breiter

group can get (they put out three albums for Columbia). 2004's *Give* (which is an excellent album for newcomers to start with) made a variety of year-end best album lists, including (bizarrely enough) a nod in *Rolling Stone*'s top fifty albums of the year. The review stated that finally a band had come along that could do the impossible: get indie fans to listen to jazz. I would suggest interested listeners also check out Happy Apple, who are an indie influenced sax-bass-drums trio, comprised of the drummer of The Bad Plus, bassist of Italian electro-rock outfit, Casino Royale, and saxophonist from Minneapolis-based, indie-pop band Redstart.

At this point, Medeski Martin, & Wood should not be a foreign name to many. They have brought jazz to new audiences in new ways for the past 15 years and have continued their innovation with their most recent release as a trio, *End of the World Party (Just in Case)*. The keys-bass-drums trio brings in equal parts hip-hop, rock, world music, and avant-garde jazz to their signature sound. Even though they've been adopted by the jam-band community, MMW is not your run of the mill hippie fluff. Jazz is at their roots and they are all studied improvisers. For fans of funky soul-jazz, I would also suggest John Scofield, jazz guitarist and frequent MMW collaborator, and also the neo-soul band, Soulive (who actually performed at Bowdoin in 2006).

Brad Mehldau is almost as indie as the *Garden State* soundtrack. Okay, I exaggerate, but the pianist, who has brought Elliott Smith, Nick Drake, Radiohead, and the Beatles into the standard jazz repertoire, has a hipster side and he's not afraid to show it. On his recent trio release, *Day is Done*, he performs versions of



"Floorboards, feet..." ---

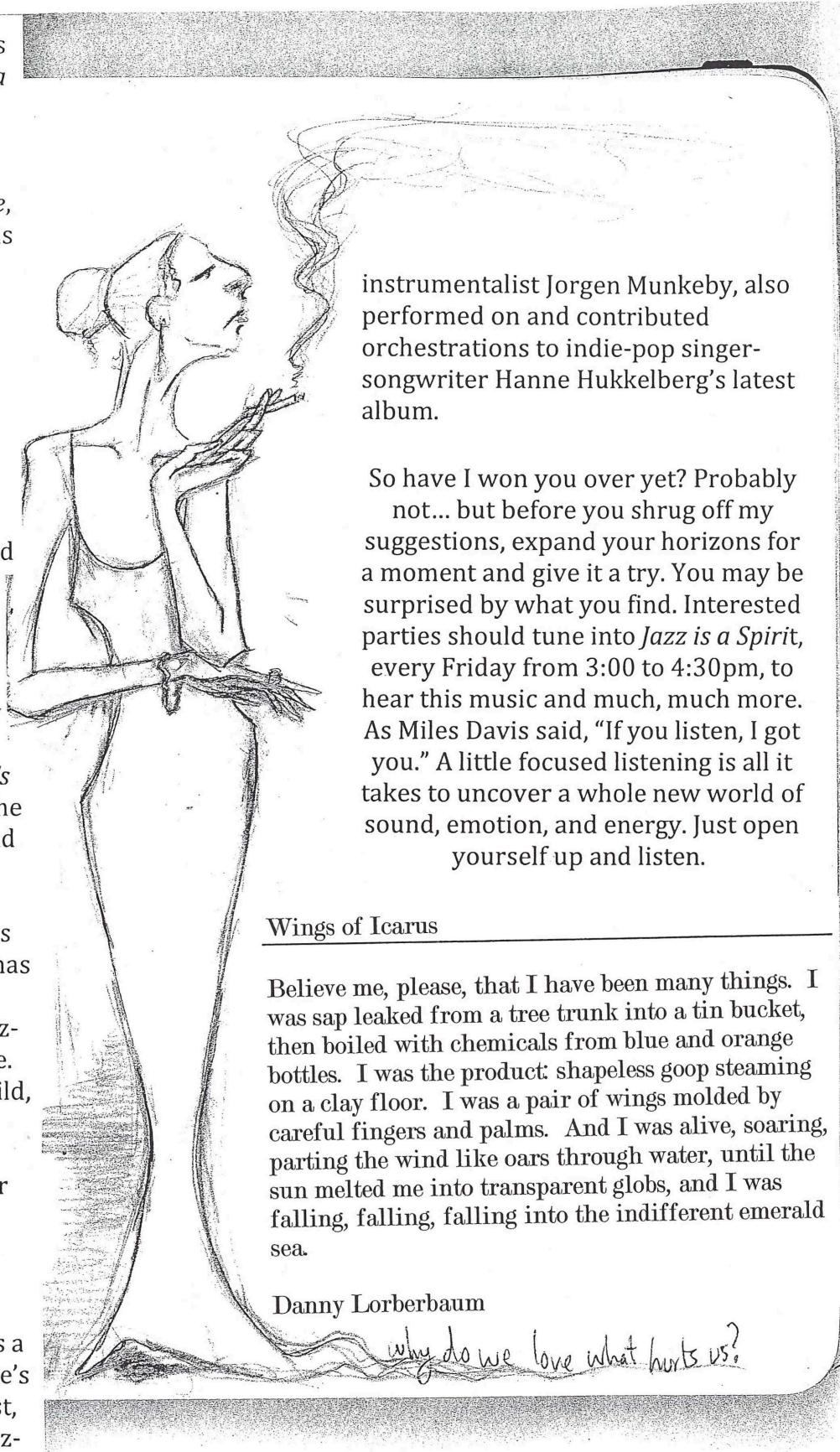
Ouda Baxter

1. Hold You In My Arms by Ray LaMontagne
2. Koreandoogwood by Devendra Banhart
3. Casimir Pulaski Day by Sufjan Stevens
4. High and Dry by Jorge Drexler (*Radiohead* cover)
5. Seahorse by Devendra Banhart
6. Not for Sale by CocoRosie
7. Sea and the Rhythm by Iron and Wine



Radiohead's *Knives Out*, Nick Drake's *Day is Done*, and The Beatles' *Martha My Dear and She's Leaving Home*. Previous albums have featured versions of Radiohead's *Paranoid Android*, *Everything In Its Right Place*, and *Exit Music (For A Film)*, as well as Nick Drake's *River Man* and Elliott Smith's *Bottle Up and Explode*. Mehldau integrates this material naturally into his albums, which always also feature his own compositions. For an even more straight indie to jazz sound, I would suggest saxophonist James Carter's *Gold Sounds*, an album entirely of Pavement covers (which you can find on the jazz shelf in WBOR).

Most indie fans should have come across the band Tortoise by now. Their releases for Thrill Jockey have all been modern classics (I personally suggest *Standards* and *It's All Around You*). Bringing together the best of rock, electronica, hip-hop, and jazz, they have been referred to as "post-rock," but if Tortoise is "post-rock," they're post-everything else as well. Tortoise guitarist, Jeff Parker, has also released a plethora of albums over the past decade, most more jazz-oriented than the albums of Tortoise. His group, Isotope 217, combines wild, improvisational jazz-funk with a modern understanding of rock, hip-hop, electronica, and dub. Jeff Parker also participates in Chicago Underground, a collective of four musicians, who have recorded as a duo, trio, and quartet over the past decade (as well as with Tortoise). As a final suggestion, I'll add that Tortoise's Thrill Jockey label-mates, Jaga Jazzist, a 10-piece Norwegian electronic-jazz-rock outfit, are one of the most innovative bands any country has to offer. Jaga Jazzist's 2002 album, *A Livingroom Hush*, was even named the best album of the year by the BBC. The leader of the group, multi-



instrumentalist Jorgen Munkeby, also performed on and contributed orchestrations to indie-pop singer-songwriter Hanne Hukkelberg's latest album.

So have I won you over yet? Probably not... but before you shrug off my suggestions, expand your horizons for a moment and give it a try. You may be surprised by what you find. Interested parties should tune into *Jazz is a Spirit*, every Friday from 3:00 to 4:30pm, to hear this music and much, much more. As Miles Davis said, "If you listen, I got you." A little focused listening is all it takes to uncover a whole new world of sound, emotion, and energy. Just open yourself up and listen.

Wings of Icarus

Believe me, please, that I have been many things. I was sap leaked from a tree trunk into a tin bucket, then boiled with chemicals from blue and orange bottles. I was the product: shapeless goop steaming on a clay floor. I was a pair of wings molded by careful fingers and palms. And I was alive, soaring, parting the wind like oars through water, until the sun melted me into transparent globes, and I was falling, falling, falling into the indifferent emerald sea.

Danny Lorberbaum

why do we love what hurts us?

Sketch by Cassie Rodrigues

Remember when I was inside you?

Alanna Beroiza

Flying Squirrel: I'm not gonna participate in your conversation anymore, because you're so unsupportive of my writings

Mary: Please...

FS: I wont participate in your stupid Zine article that has no artistic merit...no!....Fine.

M: First question, what was the last song you listened to during a sexual encounter

Toad: Geez, I don't even remember

FS: What kind of a stupid question is that, are we at a slumber party or are we writing a Zine article?

M: So you want a different question? Have you made a playlist specifically for sex?

FS: Any playlist made specifically for sex is bound to be sort of contrived and pretentious...maybe not pretentious, but its just like how can you not make a playlist without trying to anticipate what's going to happen. And, I think that's showing way too much forethought for anything to be sexy.

Indigo: I concur.

M: Ok, so I'm gonna put on my "generic" sex playlist and for you guys.

M: It's called "dinner music"

(First song: Get real paid by Beck)

FS: What the hell is this?!? Are you planning on beating someone while having sex with them??

FS: This is such an annoying song, if

you tried to play this while we were having sex, I'd be like, "I'm leaving"

FS: Is this like, an admissions test? If you can get through this song...

M: How about this? (Black Plastic by Ladytron)

FS: Why do all these songs sound like they were composed in a tin room?

FS: This is what it would sound like if you were a robot havin sex in a tin room.

M: How about this one, I think this one's really sexy...(Someone Great by LCD Soundsystem)

I:... Somewhat traumatic.

FS: I don't know what kind of sex that you're having that, this seems like a good soundtrack. It's like, so emotionless.

M: I thought it was sexy.

FS: It's like rhythmic and

Sketch by

Sam Modest

mechanical, just like the sex you're having. It sounds like it's losing battery power in certain parts of the song.

M: This is another possibility (**Sex and Candy by Marcy Playground**)

FS: I love this song, but it's kinda nasty.

T: I don't have anything to say. I don't really like the idea of making a sex playlist.

FS: Let's say some guy you're hooking up with puts on this song, what's your reaction? Are you gonna be like, I'm gonna give you a blow job?

T: Most definitely.

M: How about this one? (**Feel Flows by Beach Boys**)

T: This is my least favorite song on the Almost Famous soundtrack.

FS: It's kinda dated though, don't you feel like your Mom could have been making out to this song in high school....If I were gonna make a

sex playlist it would be all Brand New.

M: How about this one (**Let's make Love and Listen to Death From Above by CSS Diplo Remix**)?

FS: It's so violent already! You're so clearly influenced by whatever electronic lesbian underground scene you were involved with in Amsterdam.

M: Ok final one. (**Make Love by Daft Punk**)

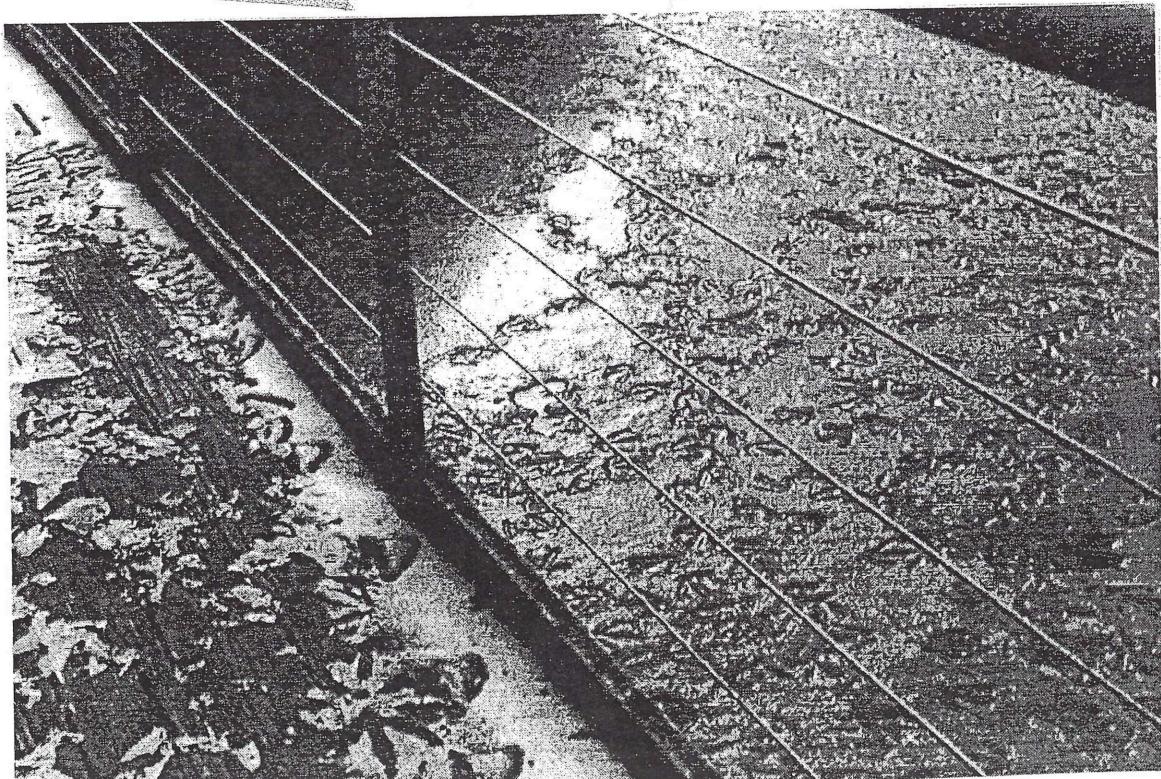
FS: Oh god, you put this on because you knew it would be the only one I would like.

M: I mean it's called Make Love, it kinda fits.

FS: I do love this song, it's nothing compared to Enrique Iglesias's Hero, though.

T: Or Dimelo. That's what my making love song would be, because it's all about true love—Enrique knows what love is.

THE END



Photograph by Jenna Breiter

lessons from the sul: part I

by shelley barron

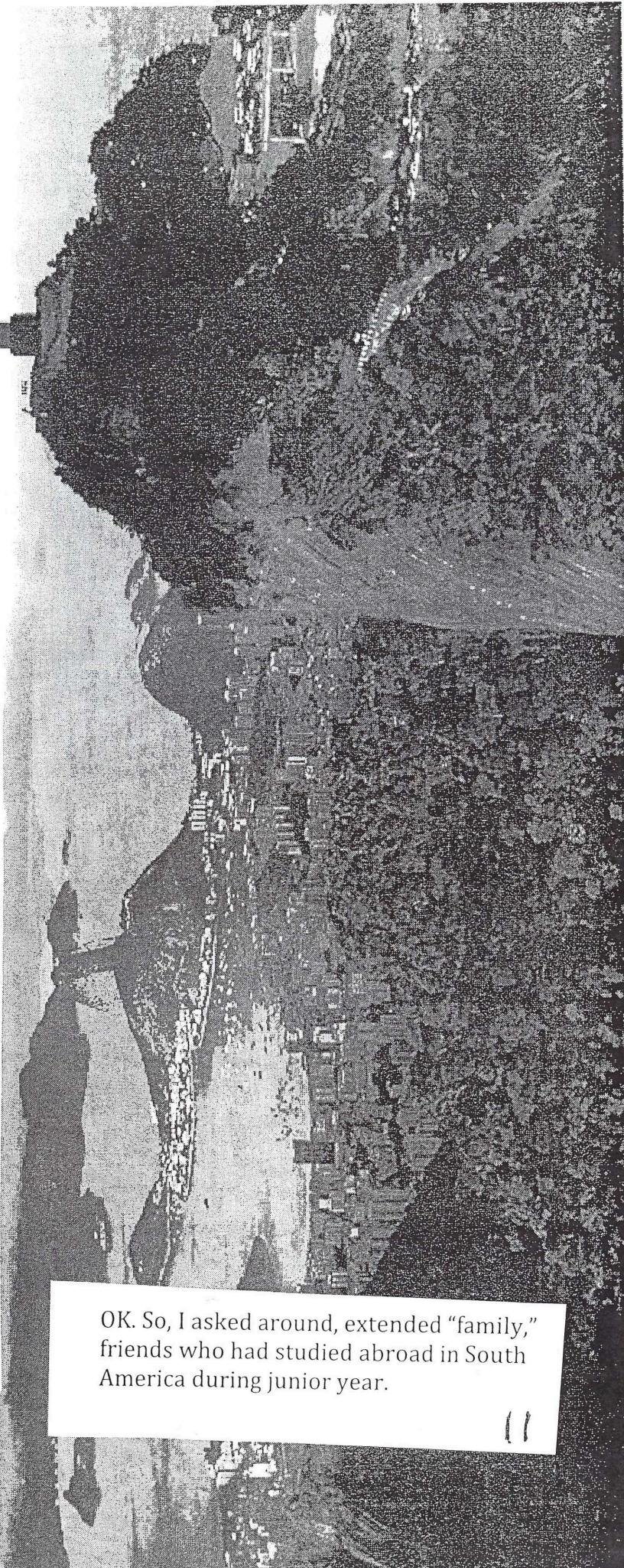
PLAYLIST:

1. 'Action/Adventure' by Andrew Bird
2. 'Die, Die my Darling' by the Misfits
3. 'Surfing on a Rocket' by Air
4. 'Nantes' by Beirut
5. 'Baby' by Bebel Gilberto

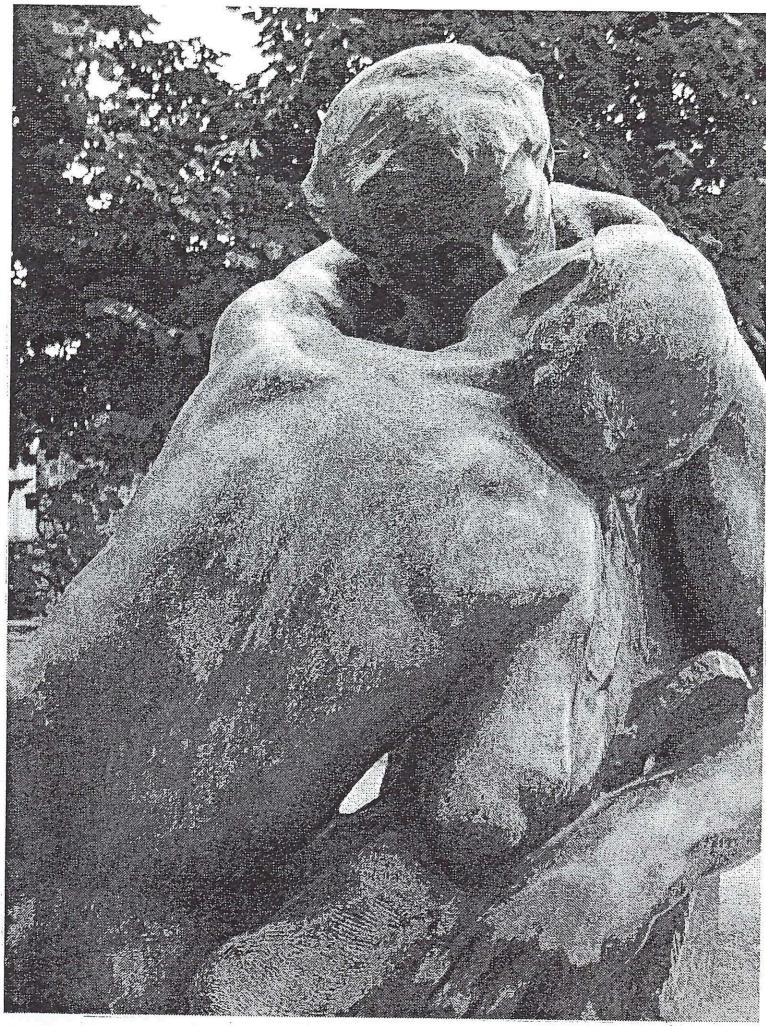
"You are a fucking idiot. You're going to wind up a raped carcass of death."

Apparently J (my ex and, despite the odds, something of a friend still) thought traveling to Southern Brazil before my summer program began in the central part of the country was not my brightest idea ever. I tried reasoning with him: when am I ever going to have the chance to see Rio again?—how can one go to Brazil and skip its cultural heart and soul, especially if one had the time and the, albeit scarce, funds?

"But you are a white woman. Alone." He shook his head, sighed heavily. I shrugged it off. We were at Grand City's diner to celebrate his birthday, so I shelved the topic for later discussion, as much as I had enjoyed imaging my own violent end. Though, we never did discuss it again. I remember being rather hurt that he never called with advice once summer began. You see, J had lived in Rio for six years of his adolescence and young adulthood. I thought he might give me some essential wisdom for the road... but no. Nada. Jerk.



OK. So, I asked around, extended "family," friends who had studied abroad in South America during junior year.



"Love in Unexpected Places" ---

Maggie Brenner

1. Just a Friend by Biz Markie
2. If You Wanna Be Happy by Trini Lopez
3. Debra by Beck
4. Wrong Way by Sublime
5. Big Girl (You Are Beautiful) by MIKA
6. Mrs Robinson by Simon & Garfunkel
7. Lola by The Kinks
8. Why Don't We Do It In The Road?
by The Beatles

Photograph by Maggie Brenner

Unfortunately, the news came back a bit grim. Family friend after family friend shared anecdotes, second and third hand knowledge, of people who knew people, who were mugged, robbed, assaulted—the works in Sao Paulo, in Rio, in Salvador, in all the big cities. Only a bit anxious at this point, more in denial than anything else, I booked the safest and most expensive youth hostel I could find in Rio for a few nights, on Ipanema Beach. A fellow lady traveler from my program was to meet me on my third day in Rio. We were planning on moving farther north, towards the center of the city, to the Lapa district, for some samba escapades. I imagined I could manage three days on my own, and, surely, there would be other lone travelers along the way to befriend.

June rolled around, and I bid farewell to my family and friends, assuring them that I would indeed return alive from the City of God. My flight to Sao Paulo, the country's sprawling economic capital, had a lay-over in JFK. I always dread flying through that airport—if nothing else, they are reliable about their delays. We boarded the Boeing for Brazil, and, as it was already quite late in the evening, 11 or midnight or so, I must have fallen asleep quickly. Hours later, literally, I awoke and we were grounded on a runway; it was still dark. Confused, I turned to a rather amiable Brazilian woman beside me, Celia, and did my best at asking where we were. She, replied, as clearly as she could, that we were still at JFK. I checked the watch of an elderly gentleman besides me—it was nearly 4:00 A.M. and we still had not even left for Sao Paulo... good start, right?

Many exhausting hours later, we arrived in the Southern hemisphere, in the land of order and progress. Excited, a bit anxious, and mostly groggy, I proceeded as confidently as I could through the Brazilian customs (I'd been told a particularly good horror story about a family friend who traveled to the country after the designated time according to his business visa, which landed him a cozy night in a Brazilian detention center, and a deportation the following morning). A few wary looks, some words in Portuguese I nodded at, and I was a free woman. Leaving the airport, I suddenly had a sinking realization: the delay in air travel had put me quite behind on my itinerary for the day. My plan had been to bus from Sao Paulo to Rio immediately upon my arrival; I'd been told by Lonely Planet that Rio's central bus station is in one of the seedier parts of town, to be avoided at all costs after dark. Being winter in the Southern Hemisphere, I would never make it to Rio before sunset...I could stay in Sao Paulo for the night, but did not know of any safe affordable hostels in the city. Risk it to Rio?

I decided to. Walking over to a desk I thought was intended for sharing information, I inquired, in my admittedly shitty Portuguese, "where is the bus for Rio de Janeiro?"

The two women looked at me dumbfounded.

"Bus to Rio de Janeiro?"

Again nothing. (You've got to be kidding me... this is fucking Rio de Janeiro we are talking about!) They grabbed their supervisor, repeating my pronunciation of marvelous city. More quizzical

expressions... After a few moments discussing, they all clapped and exclaimed excitedly, "HEE-O! [You want Hio!]."

LESSON #1: In Brazilian Portuguese, the R is similar to a throaty H when it begins the word.

We were all pretty thrilled for a moment, at our point of contact; they then sent me on my way with general directions. I safely picked up the commuter bus to the Central Station and the "coach" bus from there to Rio, admiring the traffic, *favelas* (slums), and graffiti of Sao Paulo along the way.

I had the chance to watch a Clint Eastwood film, dubbed in Portuguese, drinking complimentary guarana on the ride. Once we made it beyond the city limits, there were rolling mountains, lush green areas, cows... a whole damn lot of grazing cows. Farms. More slums. The seven hour journey was fairly pleasant until hour five, when the sun set and it finally dawned on me that I would be arriving into Rio's central bus station alone, at night, with my travel pack. I could not have been an easier target had I tried. All of a sudden, my haughty stupidity and youthful confidence dissipated into the stale air of the coach cabin—what had I been THINKING?! The sixth hour of the ride I spent weeping, mostly silently, having convinced myself I was going to be murdered immediately upon my arrival. I wished I could tell family and friends I loved them (I wondered briefly if anyone on the bus had international capabilities for their cell phones?). By the turn of hour seven, as we hit the city's outskirts, I rationalized that I would likely be raped or robbed, but probably not murdered—

"Tudo Bem?" A kind, middle-aged woman behind me inquired—was everything okay? I imagine she picked up on my anxiety. I tried calming myself a bit, and replied that yes, everything was fine. I realized if I was really that alarmed by the bus station once we arrived, I could always follow this gracious woman, maybe even offer to pay for her cab so I wouldn't have to ride alone...

STAY TUNED FOR PART 2

Connie Price & the Keystones - *Wildflowers*

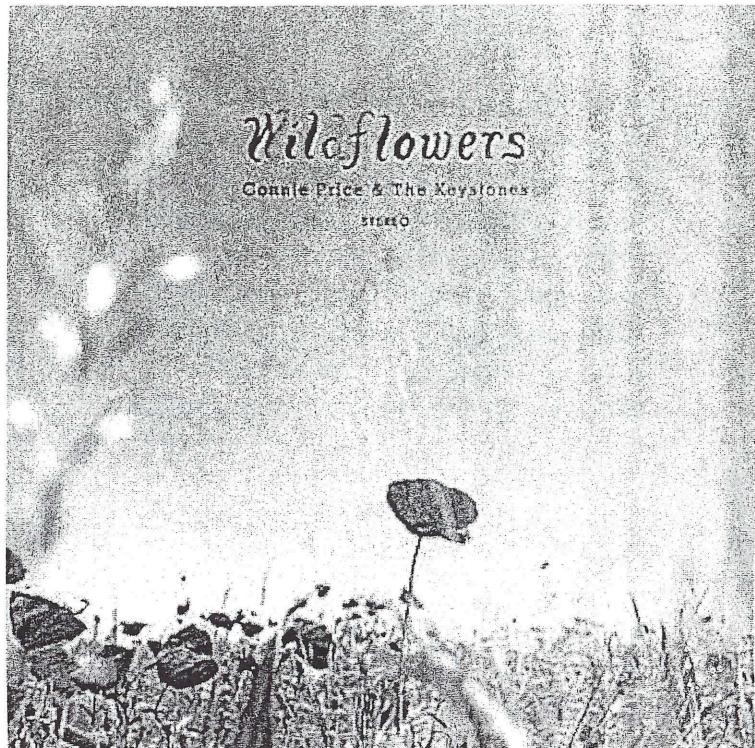
By Ryan Dunlavey

Why is it that it took me four years to find this album? Post-Phish depression? Maybe, but its not relevant.

This music is a trip. *Wildflowers* is a ten track debut released by Stones Throw's subsidiary Now-Again Records, which usually spends its time & money searching for lost funk gems and re-releasing them to the masses. Fortunately for us, some fans of the funk spend their time writing new music instead of mining for old records to make hip hop beats. Thank you Connie Price & the Keystones, thank you very much.

If the music needs to be classified, it falls under the category of deep funk. Something that is often associated with a time well before the present. It surely feels funky, but it isn't James Brown. It has a much more spacey feel, making the funk an almost intoxicating undertone and there's nothing better than getting boozed up on music.

Opening with *Sticks & Stones*, the tone is set. Hard hitting drums, a strolling bass line,

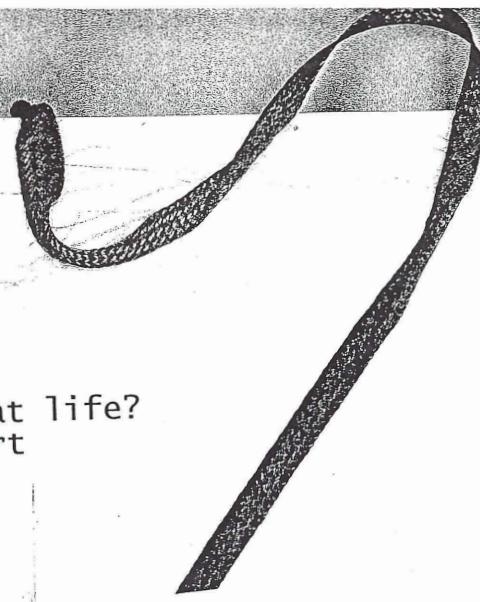


mellow keys and a splash or two from the horns get you right into the thick, funky atmosphere that we all love. *Sucker Punch* and *Western Champion* are probably the closest to straight funk on the album. *The Buzzard* features the choral sitar and some other unique sounds that evoke the feeling of a car chase during the 1950s somewhere in the Middle East.

Tall Dry Grass feels the least structured (it still has plenty) with horn work that could be heard by stumbling through an alley where all the bums just happen to be expert musicians noodling away the evening. *Shadow of Leaves* is quite possibly my favorite track on the album, great bass line. Ever dreamed of being in a movie scene where cops are chasing you through an apartment building? *Fuzz* and *Them* would be an appropriate soundtrack. Drum breaks, Antibalas horns, a bit of guitar distortion, *Double Dutch*. The weakest track on an instrumental album is always the one track with vocals and in this case the title track, but it isn't that bad. Finally, rounding things out is *Get Thy Bearings*, if you are tired from all those goods this tune will wisp you away into a sweet, sweet slumber.

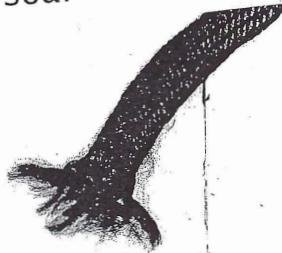
Dig it.

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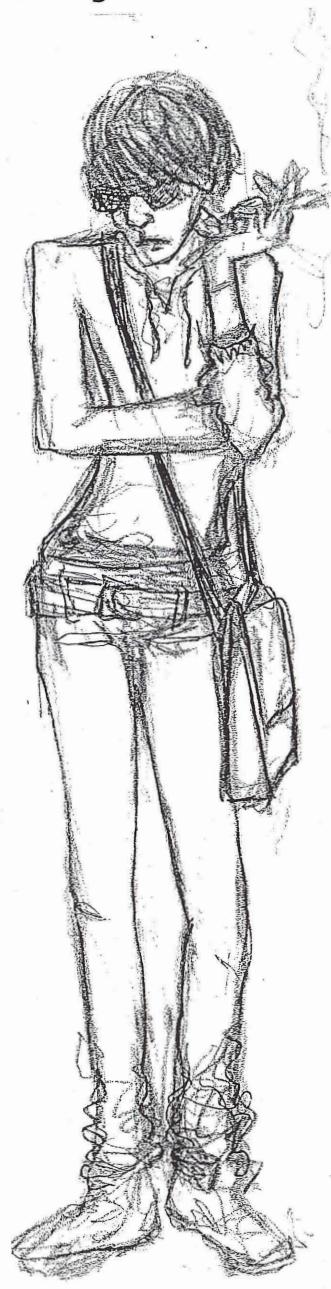


A beacon of light
The BOR rules the night
Let's all get naked

Teeny, tiny man
Why are you laughing at life?
You're so goddamn short



At night when you sleep
with stealthy tails and flip-pers
Manatees with soar



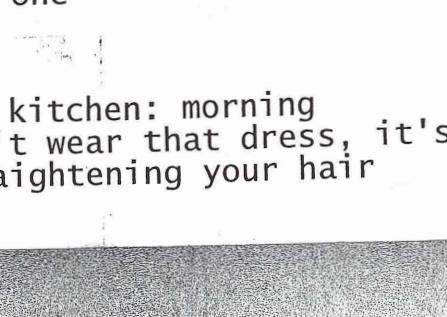
Leisure suits are cool
W.B.O.R. is
"Refrigerator"

Don't tough the volume sucka,
Deez knobs are the truth and sound,
WBOR flips your shit, mutha



In the morning I
sit on the toilet seat
and contemplate life

If you ask Sun Ra
"Space is the Place," but this Fall
It's Nine One Point One



The kitchen: morning
Don't wear that dress, it's ugly
Straightening your hair

Sketch by Cassie Rodrigues

Best of 2008 DJ Application HAIKUS

BROKEN SOCIAL SCENE

SOMETHING FOR ALL
OF US...

10/10/08 SALT LAKE CITY, UT @ TWILIGHT CONCERT SERIES - 10/11/08 SAN DIEGO, CA @ HOUSE OF BLUES -
10/12/08 LOS ANGELES, CA @ SUNSET TERRACE - 10/13/08 SAN FRANCISCO, CA @ OUTSIDE LANDS -
10/14/08 GRAND RAPIDS, MI @ CALVIN COLLEGE - 10/15/08 MADISON, WI @ UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN -
10/16/08 MINNEAPOLIS, MN @ FIRST AVE. - 10/17/08 OMAHA, NE @ FLOWDOWN - 10/18/08 KANSAS CITY, MO
@ THE BLUE NOTE - 10/19/08 COLUMBIA, MO @ THE BLUE NOTE - 10/20/08 ST. LOUIS, MO @ THE ENSEMBLE
@ THE BERNARDIN - 10/21/08 CHICAGO, IL @ UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS - 10/22/08 RICHMOND, VA @ TOAD'S PLACE - 10/23/08 FALLS
CHURCH, VA @ STATE THEATRE - 10/24/08 BROOKLYN, NY @ MARY'S TEMPLE - 10/25/08 BRONXVILLE, NY @
BODINE COLLEGE - 10/26/08 BOTTLET, NY @ WILDER THEATRE

TOUR 2008

BROKEN SOCIAL SCENE

Sarah Wood

Once I heard "Anthems for a Seventeen Year Old Girl," it burrowed into my brain. Just drums, banjo, strings, and the distorted voice of Emily Haines. The song is transcendent, and nearly perfect. With the help of the interweb, I listened to *You Forgot it in People* track by track over a few weeks, and to this day it isn't in the proper order on my ipod. From the crank-it-up-and-drive-really-fast instrumental KC Accidental to the ethereal and oft-soundtracked Lover's Spit, it is a classic.

Ever since that album, Broken Social Scene has been one of the most consistent bands in indie, despite their often unwieldy numbers. Members of Stars, Metric, Apostle of Hustle, k-os and Fiest contributed to 2002's *You Forgot it in People* and 2005's *Broken Social Scene*. As a result those albums had an unparalleled sprawl, showing signs of post-rock, jazz, folk and pop in a single song. With repeated listens you can hear the details, the tones of certain personalities, the push/pull of all great collaborations on a huge scale. Addiction follows soon after.

A band that can barely fit on a stage together can create some of the most engaging and spontaneous live shows. (See: Youtube for a small dosage.) But it is also a logistical nightmare—difficult to tour with, let alone record for long periods of time, considering that BSS is a side project for many members. The ingenious solution is the "Presents..." format, which gives us ostensibly "solo" albums with lighter touches from the other scenesters. This illuminates a great deal of older material for long time fans, as the tones of the "solo" musicians become more pronounced. It also has had the side effect of making BSS more accessible and prolific, which no fan can ever argue with. In less than two years founding members Kevin Drew and Brendan Canning have released as many albums.

At the core BSS has always represented some of the best that straightforward indie rock can bring. These two personalities reveal the base forces in BSS, the all over the place energy of Drew's *Spirit If...*, and the consistent alt/post-rock undercurrent of Canning's *Something For All Of Us....* The old BSS careened around a center, often sounding barely under control of the personalities that made it so interesting. The new BSS spreads out from founding members Canning and Drew, and though lacks the (probably false) impression of spontinaity of earlier albums, and shows a strange overuse of ellipses and beards, is fist-pumping, speeding-ticket-inducing indie rock.

This is easily the highest caliber band Bowdoin has had since The Hold Steady. Missing it would be a crime against awesome. If you have never heard of BSS, sample some online. And then you will have no logical choice but to buy it all. Then check out all of the side projects. And then you will have some serious Canadian indie cred, making you instantly cooler than all of your friends.

Here are some tunes to get you ready for October 25th.

KC Accidental

Anthems for a Seventeen Year Old Girl

Major Label Debut

Fire Eye'd Boy

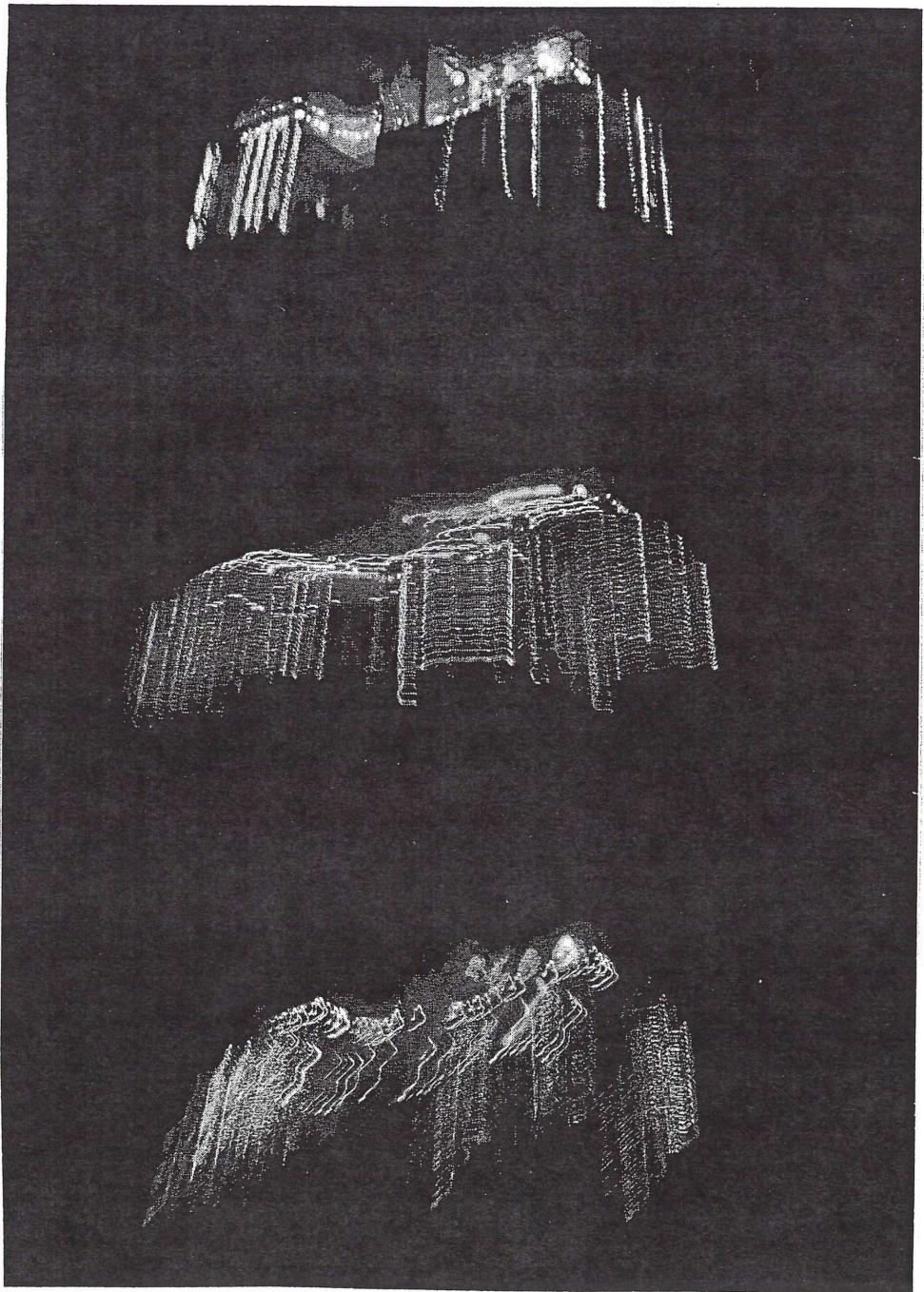
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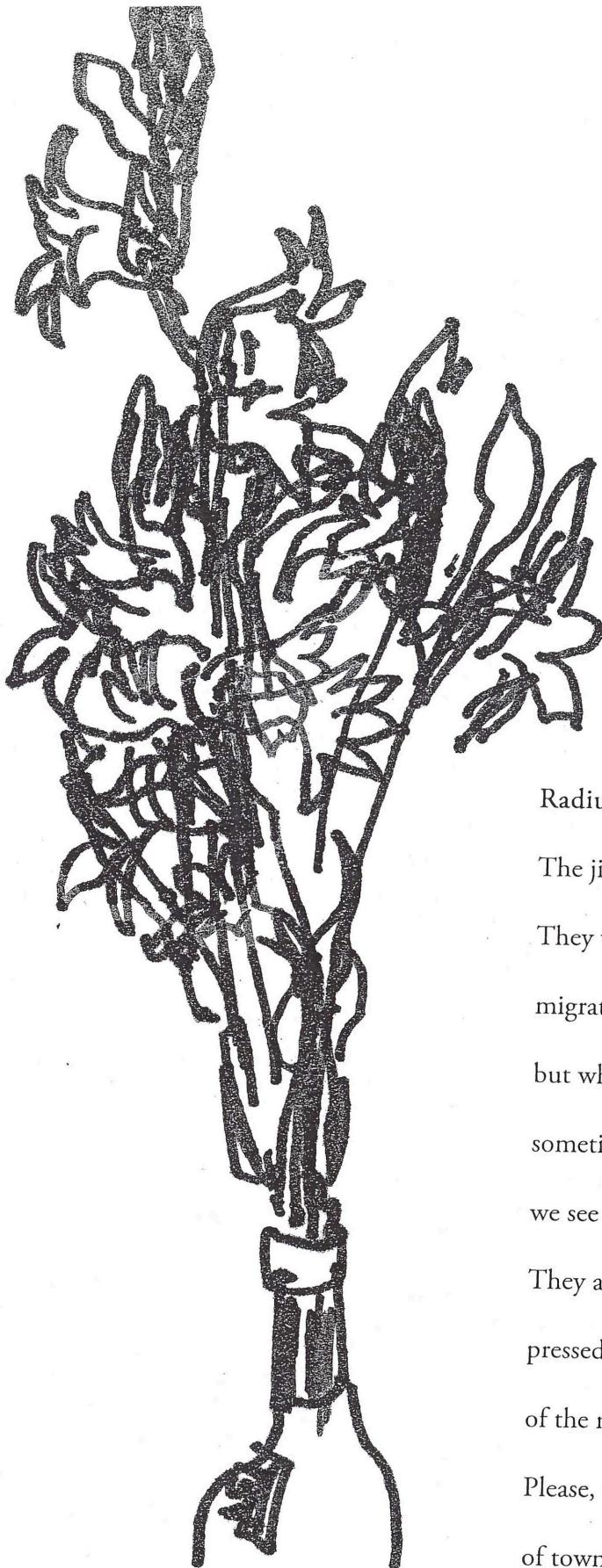
Back Out On The...

Hit The Wall

Possible Grenade

Photograph by Samuel Modest





Dream: May 19

I recognized the Atlantic. I fed pebbles to the waves, launched them so far that I could not see the water dimple. I could not make out the face of the sun; I suppose he faced the stars that afternoon, shedding behind him a golden stream of coins into the sea. At the shore, I scooped up a handful and spent the rest of the day swimming out and collecting. I shut my eyes so all I could see was the after-image of the sun: a bold, purple dot. I had been at this a while when my arms swept through empty water. I opened my eyes and saw that my mountain of coins on the beach had vanished in the dark. The moon smirked at me. I treaded water, staring back, until my limbs became stone and I sank, waiting for the moon to explain.

Danny Lorberbaum

Radius

The jive is pure when those boys do it.

They vanish into the satire of

migration, deviant in fragrance,

but when they lose the rhythm, which

sometimes happens,

we see their caution in the rocket crunch.

They are surrounded, they are

pressed and tethered to the exfoliation

of the modern envelope.

Please, for your order, your plate

of towns, cars of lovers, let

those boys crack our pockets.

On Music Supervision

By Kate Krosschell

After I watched Garden State for the first time in high school (with my parents, no less), I thought Zach Braff was the coolest person in the world. He could act! Write! Direct! Plus, he was cute! But what hit me most was not his charming nose or his ability to make a boat on the edge of a quarry feel meaningful – it was his music supervision on the film. I was blown away by the slow-motion/fast-forward dichotomy of the scene set to “In the Waiting Line.” I thought that “Caring is Creepy” was the perfect song to allude to Largeman’s internal angst (as well as my own). Like the rest of America’s youth who wanted to say they were the slightest bit “indie,” I went out and bought the soundtrack. With “Let Go” on repeat in my car, I got to thinking: I like movies. I like music. Most of all, I’m emotional. I would make a great music supervisor – the person who chooses the music for a film.

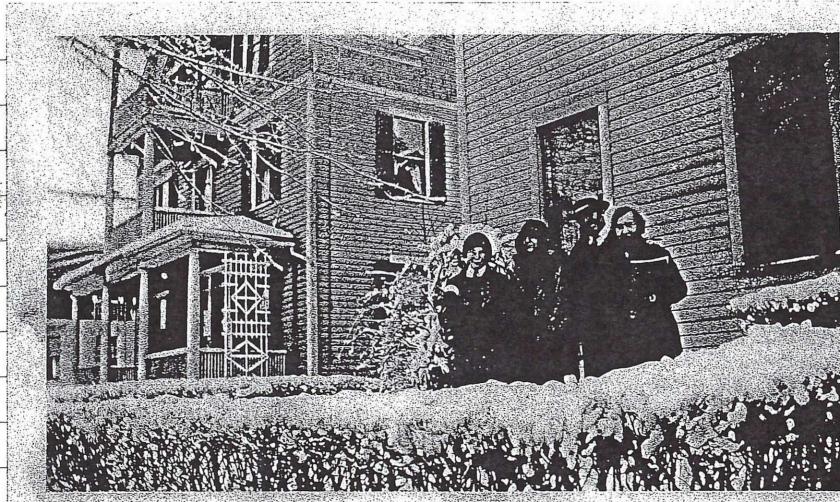
At the time I thought this was an original career choice. I told my parents, on whom during middle school I had imposed my “quirky mix CDs” during long car rides. They told me it was a great idea. Boosted by parental ego-inflation, I set about writing down scores of songs I thought would be “perfect” for certain scenes in movies. I would get mad when my sister didn’t like a song I had made her listen to. I would watch movies all the way to the end of the credits in order to see all the songs that had been featured. To say the least, I was excited for my auspicious future.

I held onto this lofty dream during my first two years of college and then, during my study abroad, where I took

a Film Music seminar. This was where I discovered that every single person in the Western Hemisphere wants this job. The classroom was packed for the whole semester. Never mind the copyright components of the job, holding supposed creative reign over a movie’s music appeals to loads of people. Not willing to give up on my dream yet, I modified my career path into becoming a music video director. Unfortunately, shortly after this,

Photographs by

Kristina Goodwin



Antiquity, you are my sunshine



during a perusal of the satirical blog "Stuff White People Like," I came across this: "between the ages of 16-20, all white people go through a phase where they aspire to become a music video director like Michel Gondry." Damn, yet again, I thought. I'm failing at originality.

Now I'm a senior on the verge of stumbling into real life. I have to decide a career path ASAP. The competition for this field of work is fierce and may force me to live with my parents until I'm 30. Yet I can't give up on this idea of incorporating music and movies into my career. I think it's the Bowdoin idealism in me. So I ask myself, what is it about music supervision that's so popular? Is it the constant exposure to new music? Is it the knowledge that using a certain song can make a band's career? Is it the emotion that can be created or enhanced when a song is matched with images? Is it the thrill of seeing your work on-screen? Maybe

everyone just thinks their taste in music is superior. So do I go for it, or do I turn my hopes into an obsessive hobby, blabbing to whoever will listen about what Death Cab was like before The OC?

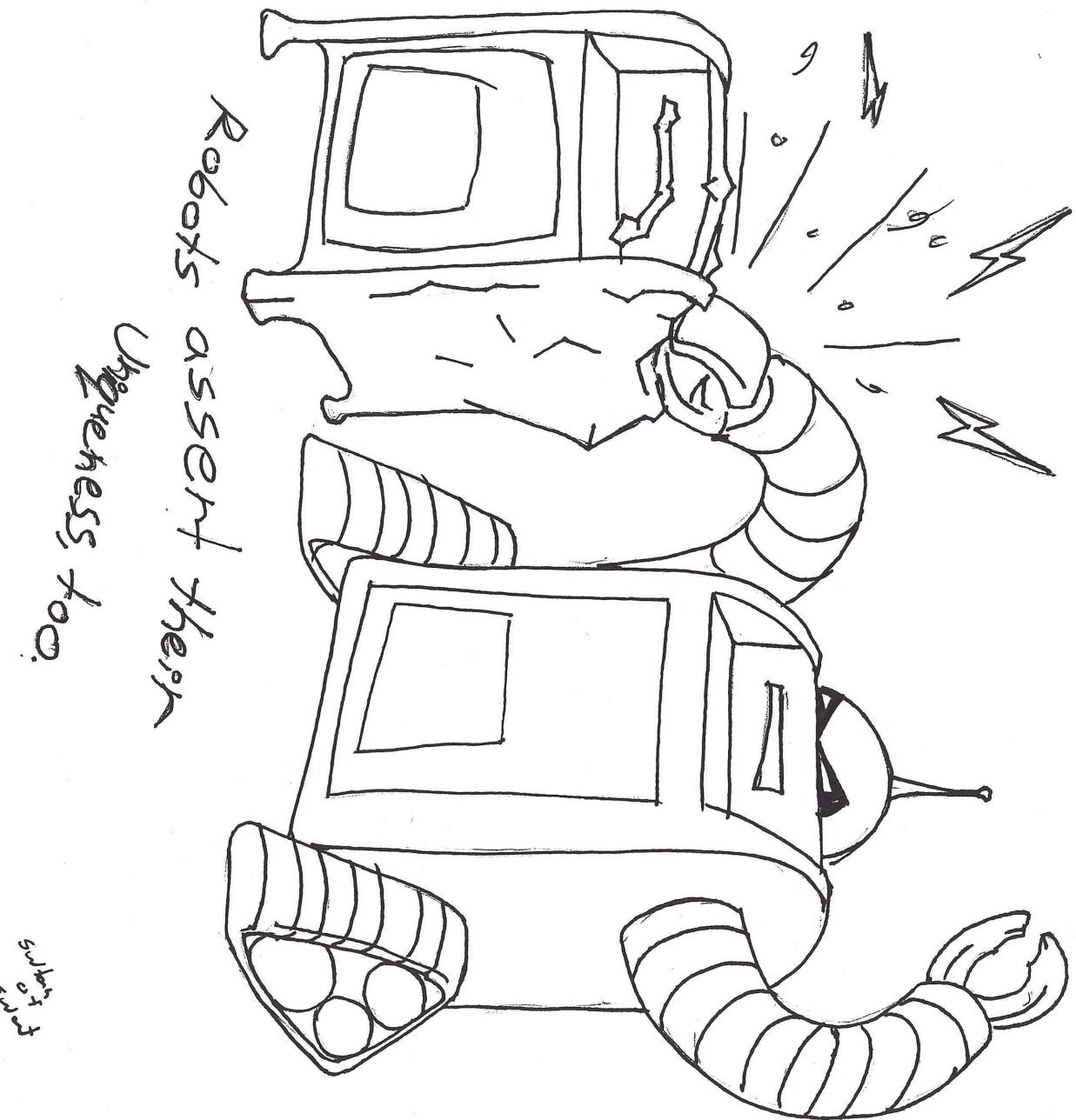
I still don't know. So as a DJ for WBOR, I'll just have to appreciate my last chances to make people listen to whatever I want to play.

"It's senior year...I'm scared of the real world...yet I have ambitious dreams"

1. Time to Pretend by MGMT
2. Rebellion (Lies) by Arcade Fire
3. Save Me by Aimee Mann
4. Caring is Creepy by The Shins
5. Don't Panic by Coldplay
6. Kids by MGMT
7. In the Waiting Line by Zero 7
8. I Still Remember by Bloc Party
9. First Day of My Life by Bright Eyes

10. Time Won't Let Me Go by The Bravery
11. Fake Empire by The National
12. Fortress by Pinback
13. Streets of Paris by The Teenagers
14. Let Go by Frou Frou
15. Must Be the Moon by !!!
16. Modern Guilt by Beck
17. Back in the Day by Figurines
18. Brothers on a Hotel Bed by Death Cab for Cutie





A Quick Guide to Digital Music

By Seth Glickman

If you've spent any time dealing with any amount of music on a computer, you've probably come across the term "bitrate" before. And if you haven't, or aren't too familiar with what it means, you almost certainly know what an MP3 is. But why is it that some MP3s sound better than others, if they're the same song? What does FLAC mean? Why do some songs only play on your computer in iTunes, and then only if you log in to the store first?

I'm going to go through a brief explanation of some important concepts in digital music, and if you already knew all of this, then sorry for wasting your time.

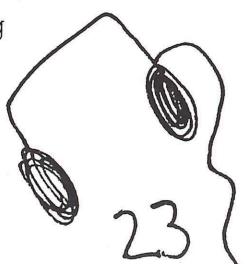
Music (and all sound), played and listened to in real life, is essentially a bunch of sound waves. These waves travel through the air, and then hit your ears, where your brain turns them into what you can hear. When trying to record music digitally, we run into some problems. Have you ever seen a picture on a computer with low resolution, or zoomed in too close? The picture

gets blurry, or pixelated, and it certainly doesn't look the same as it does in real life. Music is similar: you can capture it with degrees of success, but if you look too carefully (listen, in this case), you can find the flaws. Luckily, you can't "zoom in" on music without special tools, and most people have no desire to anyways, so a decent approximation of the real thing is often good enough.

CDs hold 80 minutes of digital audio, (usually) captured in very good quality, in 700 MB of space. When you rip them onto your hard drive, you usually don't want it to take up that much space. So (this is all transparent to you, by the way), the program ripping your CD will compress and encode it to a different format. MP3 is the most popular at the moment (but there are of course others, like WMA, AAC, ogg, m4a, etc.).

MP3 is a format under the category of what's called "lossy compression". That is, it greatly reduces the size of the audio (from 700 MB to anywhere in the range of 60 MB - 120 MB), but it loses some of the information, leading to a loss of quality. The MP3 encoding scheme attempts to

F



counteract this loss of quality by getting rid of things it assumes you won't notice, such as parts of the spectrum that the human ear doesn't hear very well. And it's usually pretty listenable.

You can set the degree of quality of your rip with a measurement called a bitrate (pronounced BIT-rate, not BI-trate). A bitrate is pretty much what it says - a measurement of how many bits are devoted to each second of audio. The higher this number, the more space your audio takes up, the less information lost - leading to better-sounding songs. Of course, past a certain point, most people can't hear the difference, and usually the limiting factor isn't the song itself but the speakers it's being played on (if you have a set of crappy iPod headphones, it doesn't matter how high the bitrate of the song itself is - it'll still sound tinny). You've probably heard songs with low bitrates: sometimes they sound like they're being played underwater, or the lead singer is warbling a little, or even tinny or metallic. This happens because the encoding is overzealous, and gets rid of too much information. You can fit more songs on your iPod, but they'll

sound worse.

So, you say, if MP3 is "lossy", is there such a thing as "not lossy"? The answer is yes, yes there is. There are some formats that lose none of the original information, and instead pack it in creative ways on your hard drive, resulting in smaller file sizes than the originals. The problem is that these files, while still smaller than the original CD, are far too large for most hard drives or music players to accumulate any significant number of them. FLAC (Free Lossless Audio Codec) is the most popular format of lossless audio. But iTunes can't play FLAC, and Apple's version, ALAC (guess what that stands for), is much less popular, and most people don't know about these anyways, so I wouldn't worry too much.

So what's a good bitrate? Generally, anything at or above 128 kbps (kilobits per second), depending on your space requirements, should be fine for nearly everyone. I prefer 192 kbps as a minimum for my music (128 is ok, but there is a noticeable difference moving up to 192). You can change both format and bitrate in iTunes under Preferences, Import Settings.

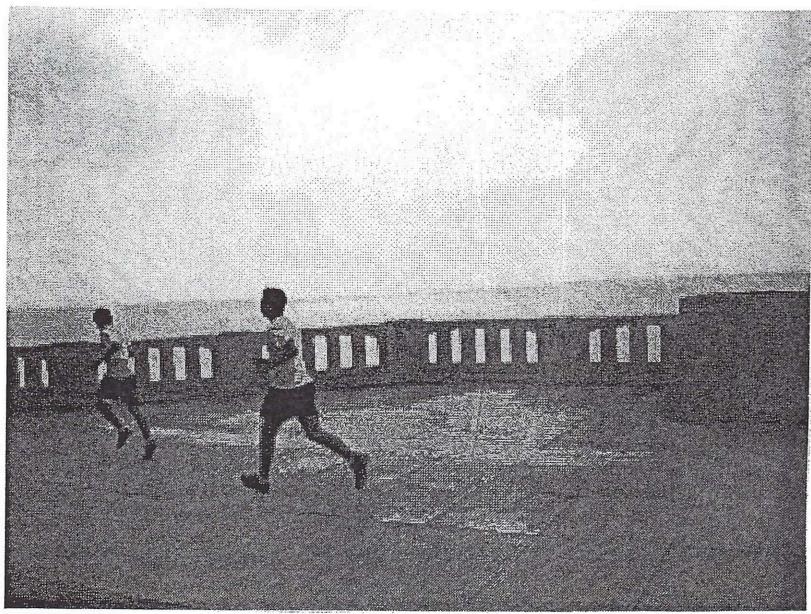
Now file format and bitrate is an entirely different issue from DRM. DRM stands for Digital Rights Management. Essentially, DRM is an attempt to limit what you can do with various things on computers. For example, when you buy a song in the iTunes store (a normal one, not the iTunes Plus songs), you can only play it on your computer or your iPod, and you can only authorize 5 computers at any given time to play that song. DRM acts as a wrapper around the file, and prevents you from sending it to everyone you know. Various companies have taken various approaches to DRM in the past, and Apple's is not considered one of the worst.

DRM is of course not without its serious issues. If you buy something with DRM, what happens when the seller goes out of business? You can't play the audio or video you purchased (this isn't hypothetical; it has happened at least twice that I can think of off the top of my head). Also, some companies take it to an extreme. If you want a good example of this, google "sony rootkit" one day.

There are of course other terms and concepts

that are too in-depth to go into in this article, like VBR (variable bitrate), and the details of how digital audio really works and whatnot, but if you're interested, there is a very good (technical) write-up of this at Ars Technica (you can find it at <http://tinyurl.com/24xyk6>).

In conclusion, I apologize for the length of this article, and I hope that you learned something useful.



"Running after you, running after me" ---

Ouda Baxter

1. L.E.S. Artistes by Santogold
2. Spring and by Summer Fall - Blonde Redhead
3. I Still Remember by Bloc Party
4. Scenic World (Version) by Beirut
5. Born Losers by Matthew Good
6. Strange Powers by the Shins
7. Sunday Night Just Keeps on Rolling by Mum

	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
5:30 AM							
6:00 AM							
6:30 AM							
7:00 AM	Mike Kolster						
7:30 AM	Eric Binsnanger	Henry Robertson					
8:00 AM	Davia Steeley	Rachel & Alaina	Erin & Jeremy				
8:30 AM		Chris Jacob					
9:00 AM		Tim & Carl					
9:30 AM							
10:00 AM							
10:30 AM							
11:00 AM	Olivia Madrid						
11:30 AM							
12:00 PM	Larry Fishman	Dylan Kane	MANAGER SHOW Seth Glickman	MARGARET ALLEN Liam Kilian	PETER & BRUCE Sean Weathersby		
12:30 PM			MANAGER SHOW Sarah Wood		SARAH WOOD Jeremy Ross	DAN REAGEN	
1:00 PM		Lindsey & Joe	MANAGER SHOW Sarah Wood				
1:30 PM			MANAGER SHOW Carolyn Williams	CHARLIE & NICK Charlie & Nick	SARAH MARTINEZ		
2:00 PM	Will Cogswell		MANAGER SHOW Carolyn Williams	MANAGER SHOW Charlie & Nick	MANAGER SHOW Maggie & Alyssa	CORETTA, TOBI & LETICIA	KATE & ALI
2:30 PM	Zach Winters		MANAGER SHOW Lindsay & Jason	MANAGER SHOW Kristina & Jin-Kyung	PETER MC LAUGHLIN	MAINE JAZZ	FRANCES & MATT
3:00 PM			MANAGER SHOW Lindsay & Jason	MANAGER SHOW Randy Nichols			
3:30 PM				DICK AND JANE Phil McLaughlin			
4:00 PM				MIKE HALMO			
4:30 PM	MANAGER SHOW	Will & Alex					
5:00 PM	Andrew Sudano	Kristina					
5:30 PM							
6:00 PM	Dave Nieder-	Bill Audette	WILSON TAYLOR				
6:30 PM							
7:00 PM				ELIE ANDERSON	MANAGER SHOW Audrey & Courtney	JOHNNY BLUE-BILL MORSE	KATE & KENSEY
7:30 PM							
8:00 PM	Evan and Matt	MANAGER SHOW Tucker	CHRIS FELAX	JAMES & SAM		JOHNNY BLUE-BILL MORSE	SHIRLEY WU
8:30 PM							
9:00 PM	Shelley, Nick	Hermanns					
9:30 PM	& Sam	MANAGER SHOW Hasan					
10:00 PM							
10:30 PM	MANAGER SHOW		MANAGER SHOW Micah McKay				
11:00 PM	Ted & Yoni	Cody & Neil	BEN FRIEDMAN				
11:30 PM			WILL & VIVEK				
12:00 AM	Bill & Josh	Paul & Sophia	SIMON & NICK				
12:30 AM				CARLO & SAM			
1:00 AM					CHRISTIAN & BRIAN		

26

SEPTEMBER 2008

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28 Ratatat (PRC)	29	30																																														
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OCTOBER 2008

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12 The Notwist (Th.R)	13	14 Elephant 6 Variety Show (Sp.)	15 The Black Crowes (Me.R)	16	17 Atmosphere w/ Blueprint (Th.S) Richard Thompson (SPA)	18 Jonathan Richma (Sp.)																																																																																				
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27

Concert Key

PSN

**Pearl St. Nightclub
10 Pearl St.
Northampton, MA
(413) 584-7771**

CT

**Calvin Theater
19 King St.
Northampton, MA
(413) 584-1444**

Sp.

**Space 538
538 Congress St.
Portland, ME
(207) 828-5600**

The A.

**The Asylum
121 Center St.
Portland, ME
(207) 772-8274**

OLS

**One Longfellow
Square
181 State St.
Portland, ME
(207) 761-1757**

SPA

**South Portland
Auditorium
637 Highland Ave.
South Portland, ME**

Wi.T

**Wilbur Theater
246 Tremont St.
Boston, MA
(617) 248-9700**

MoFA

**Museum of The
Fine Arts
465 Huntington
Ave.
Boston, MA
(617) 262-9300**

OT

**Orpheum Theatre
1 Hamilton Place
Boston, MA
(617) 482-0650**

PRC

**Paradise Rock
Club
967-969
Commonwealth Ave.
(617) 562-8800**

Th.MH

**The Music Hall
28 Chestnut St.
Portsmouth, NH
(603) 436-2400**

Th.ME

**The Middle East
472-480 Mass.
Ave.
Cambridge, MA
(617) 492-9181**

Th.R

**The Roxy
279 Tremont St.
Boston, MA
(617) 338-7699**

Me.A

**Merrill Auditorium
20 Myrtle St.
Portland, ME
(207) 842-0800**

Th.S

**The Station
272 St. John St.
Union Plaza
Portland, ME
(207) 773-3466**

P.P.

**Peter's Pants
Brunswick B**